

Light Will Break Tomorrow.  
What though our skies be overcast  
And clouds of trouble lower?  
Though disappointments crowd fast,  
Seem life's ungrateful dower?  
Though trials throng upon our way,  
Shall we succumb to sorrow?  
No! Let us gather hope, and say,  
The light will break tomorrow!

Though fickle Fortune hides her face  
Our brave endeavors scorn,  
And robs us of some promised grace  
Without a moment's warning,  
Let us not tremble at her frown  
Nor care and trouble borrow,  
But crush our dark forebodings down—  
The light will break tomorrow!

Beyond the shadows of the night  
The welcome sun is shining,  
The clouds that loom upon our sight  
Have all a silver lining;  
The darkest hour precedes the dawn,  
And joy succeeds to sorrow—  
The longest night will yet be gone,  
And light will break tomorrow!

—[Helen Whitney Clark, in Saturday Night.]

### EQUAL TO THE TEST.

"Oh, dear, no! Bessie Hunt'll never amount to much of anything. Pretty enough, if any one fancies red hair and eyes that have a yellow glint in them like a tiger's, but that never was my style of beauty! Give me a girl that has something more substantial than mere good looks to fall back on if the time should ever come when it is necessary, instead of a girl who has nothing more than some mouldy classic on the end of her tongue, or some frittery fancy work forever in her fingers!"

"La, sakes, brother," feebly expostulated Mrs. Hunt, "you look as if it were really going to be! I know Bessie is fond of her books and pretty feminine fancies, but I don't blame the girl. I used to like 'em when I was her age! But I know she ain't any more like Jessica or Minerva than they are like her."

Abram Alvey was too deeply engrossed in his subject to heed the quiet sarcasm in the last portion of her response.

"Right, Emily," retorted, quickly, "no more she ain't! Jess or Min could take hold and do for themselves if they should ever have to, but Bessie there—laugh!"

Nobody saw a slender shadow flit across the window near which Abram Alvey sat, neither did they hear the footsteps which approached the open door, then stole swiftly and quietly away. A tall, slender girl, with wavy masses of red-brown hair clustering around a sweet, serious face, out of which shone the wide brown eyes which had in them the "yellow glint" to which Abram Alvey objected.

Unwittingly Bessie Hunt had overheard the whole of their conversation which alluded to her! She had a book in her hand, and as she turned away there was just a suspicion of tears on the long, silken fringe of lashes around the brown eyes, a tremor in the curved, sensitive lips.

"I wonder," she murmured, as she went swiftly down the grass-grown path to her favorite haunt under a clump of graceful, silvery larches, "if I am so very useless? Uncle Alvey certainly thinks so! But, with a sigh, 'I never had the strength to do all that Jessie and Minnie might! I wish I had, though!'"

Poor child, she did not know, as she uttered this vain wish, that it was literally like grafting the fair, frail orchid blossom on the strong, hardy Northern rose! The harsh remarks that she had overheard raveled deeply in her heart just now.

But "truth is stranger than fiction." Sunny skies and fair promises surrounded Myrtle Farm and its inhabitants at present. There was no fear of casualties in the heart of honest John Hunt, for, as he said, he'd "laid by a considerable pile to use on a rainy day," if the time ever came. But they had no fear of its coming, not they!

But, as for the consistencies of humanity! Down in the progressive town, near the outskirts of which stood Myrtle Farm, once a week John Hunt carried a goodly load of farm produce; there he heard conversations which set him to thinking. Men talked of making a lifetime fortune in some bold speculation; of getting "corners" in grain, buying "low," then selling "high," and, although he did not just understand as clearly as he ought, he would ponder these things as he jolted homeward over the rough country roads, and the more he thought the more fascinated and tempted he became.

At last, one bright morning he started for the market as usual, but beneath his coat, securely wedged into a snug roll in his vest pocket, was a large roll of bills.

He was going to try his luck. It would be such a fine thing for the home folks, he argued to himself, if he happened to come out ahead. No

thought of the other possibility seemed to trouble him.

He seemed unusually restless for the next few days after his return. He was singularly anxious to read the daily papers.

"A body'd think you'd been speculating," John, observed Mrs. Hunt, one day, as she repeated some remarks a third time before he heard her.

A queer look settled over his face but he made no response.

But all at once he uttered a stifled exclamation and started to his feet; his face had grown unusually pale and the hand which grasped his hat trembled with nervous agitation.

"I must go up to town, Emily," he exclaimed, "at once! Where's Bess?"

Mrs. Hunt looked her astonishment.

"To town!" she repeated, blankly.

"Why, you was there only last Saturday! Anything happened?" with a glance at the paper, which had fluttered unheeded to the floor.

"No, not much, only—well, never mind."

Two, three hours past. Jessica and Minerva came in, two strong, florid girls with loud voices and blunt manners, and immediately demanded "dad."

Poor, mystified Mrs. Hunt shook her head.

"I don't know, girls, but he said he was going in town. Business, I guess."

"Humph!" ejaculated Jessica. "Where's Bessie? Gone with him?"

"No. She went for something; I've forgot. But any rate, she's round somewhere."

The Misses Hunt exchanged glances, but deigned no reply to the patient, overworked mother, who was rather afraid of these self-reliant daughters, preferring in her heart gentle, misundestood Bessie before either.

It was several hours past the time for their early tea when John Hunt came home. Abram Alvey was with him, and his lips were compressed in a thin, hard line.

John Hunt himself, during the short time he had been absent, seemed to have grown years older. He was pale, restless, and the hand which he rested on the table shook as with palsy.

His wife came forward, seriously alarmed.

"What happened, John? Anything? Be you sick? Just sit down and let me get you a good, strong cup of tea right off. It'll do you good," for in spite of the clouds which sometimes obscured their domestic horizon, Emily Hunt was loyal and true to the man whom in her earlier youth she had chosen for better, for worse.

He made a gesture of repugnance at the suggestion of food or drink.

"I can't eat anything, wife," he said, as he threw his arms across the table in a hopeless, dejected fashion, and hid his face upon them. "I—I—tell her Abram."

"He has been speculating!" went on that individual, the right lines in his face never softening, the tones of his voice hard and metallic as cold steel; "speculating, I tell you, and has ended by ruining his family. That's all!"

Mrs. Hunt sank helplessly into the nearest chair and stared, speechless, at her brother. Jessica and Minerva, clinging together on the sofa, an expression of almost ludicrous dismay on their faces.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Minerva, the first to break the heavy silence that ensued. "Father, what ever possessed you?"

Jessie suddenly burst into a violent fit of weeping. The bent figure beside the table never moved.

"Father! Look up!"

Without a glance in either direction, tall, straight, with a bright spot burning in either cheek and a brilliant glitter in her eyes, Bessie suddenly crossed the room and knelt gently, sympathetically, beside her father's chair.

"Father! Don't take it so heart! It cannot be so bad, and," in a lower tone, "I will help you now."

Then John Hunt raised his head, a gleam of hope stealing into his dreary eyes as he placed his hand tenderly among the red-brown tresses clustering above the high white brow.

"Yes, Bessie?"

"Yes, father," she responded quietly. "Try me and see."

And so it proved. The test of which Abram Alvey had often boasted had at last come.

But contrary to his expectations, Jessica or Minerva, the "self-reliant girls," did not come up to his standard. They "lingered around," as he expressed it, bemoaning their unlucky fate and making the place almost unbearable to the disheartened man. He bore up as long as he possibly could, then succumbed to the inevitable.

It was then that Bessie, the "use-

less one," came to the fore. The "frittery fancy work" that Abram Alvey had so scornfully condemned, proved its worth. Blithely the bright steel needle flew through gauze and silk, and for the dainty creations turned out by the deft fingers Bessie received a snug competence. Her time was almost taken up, but somehow she managed to crowd in a few music pupils, and so add a trifle more to their income.

And it was after giving a lesson one day that she came in, and throwing aside her hat, laid her flushed, bright face on the pillow beside her father's. He looked at her fondly, but in a deprecating way.

"My dear," he said, in a strangely weak voice, "you will kill yourself working so! If only Jess or Min!"

She placed her hand on his mouth with a quick, quaint gesture.

"No more 'ifs,' papa, please," she said, lightly. "And I am not going to work so hard now. Papa, Ralph Deane has asked me to marry him and I said—I would!"

Ralph Deane! John Hunt remembered him. He belonged to one of the best families in town.

For an instant the broken man gazed into the fresh, fair face, then drew her close to his breast.

"God bless you, my daughter," he said, huskily.

And Jessica and Minerva?

When Bessie was married she took her father, mother and two sisters home with her to the handsome home her husband gave her, and they are there, bemoaning their fate even yet. —[Boston Globe.]

### Beginning of Our Understanding of Storms.

In the year 1821 a severe storm prevailed along the Eastern coast, which for many years was known as the "great September gale." It held that title until September, 1869, when another and more remarkable one occurred, which rather disturbed its claim to the honor. It was a little time after this first storm that Redfield, while making a journey in Massachusetts, was struck by a somewhat curious fact. He noticed that in Massachusetts the trees prostrated by the wind, all lay with their heads to the southeast, showing that the gale there was from the northwest; but in Connecticut the trees blown down in the same storm lay head to the northwest, showing that the gale had been a southeast one. He ascertained, moreover, that when the wind was blowing southeast in Middle-town, his home, it was northwest at a place not seventy miles from there.

It was then that the idea flashed across his mind that the gale was a progressive whirlwind. That was a great thought. It was such a flash of perception as came to Newton when he connected the falling apple with the planets in space. It was such an insight into the meaning of a fact as James Watt had when he saw the possibilities of the force that was rattling the lid of the kettle on his mother's fire. The development of that idea was destined one day to put Redfield in the ranks of the great scientific thinkers of his day. He made this storm the basis of his investigations, following his researches into its movements by a careful collection of facts in relation to others like it. For ten years he studied, and examined and compared his facts, before he published his theory of storms. —[Popular Science Monthly.]

### Queen Victoria's German Side.

I heard an amusing story about England's Queen the other day. I don't think it has ever been published, but the authenticity was vouched for. It seems that an English woman, whose name was given to me, is on quite intimate terms with the royal family, though she is without title; just a plain "Mrs." and from a country family. One time she, with her little child, three years old, was lunching with the Queen. At the table were Princess Beatrice and several others. The Queen, in the course of the lunch, took up a chicken wing in her fingers. While she was enjoying the sweetness of the meat next the bone the little child looked up and quickly said: "Pig-ee! Pig-ee!" Every one was horrified. The mother felt as if she would like to sink out of existence. The Queen went on for an instant with the morsel which she was holding in her fingers and then said: "You are right, my dear. An English lady would not take a chicken wing in her fingers, but you must bear in mind that I am a German woman." And she calmly finished the wing. The rest breathed a low sigh of relief and the mother and child were, on taking their leave, invited to come again. —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

### PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

#### SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS.

##### Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

### THE TROOPS CONGRATULATED.

GOVERNOR PATTON'S EXPRESSIONS OF APPRECIATION OF THE MILITIA'S WORK AT HOME.

In relieving the Division of the National Guard from further service, Governor Patton, in a special order issued from the Adjutant General's department, desires to express to the officers and enlisted men his appreciation and congratulations. He adds:

"The promptness with which you responded to the sudden call, the vigorous execution of the commands, the soldierly conduct at the place of disturbance, all demonstrate that the command of the Constitution that the freedom of this Commonwealth shall be armed, organized and disciplined for its defense has been faithfully obeyed. You have maintained the confidence, deserved the gratitude and won the admiration of your fellow citizens in your patriotic services to maintain the law of the land and the liberty of the citizens."

### NOVEL COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.

Mr. Pleasant opened a three-days' Columbian celebration Wednesday morning with a fantastic parade, the like of which the state old town never before saw. The first ward public school building has been turned into a booth for the exhibition of everything in the line of merchandise, art and the antique. On the grounds in the rear of the building under immense stretches of canvases, are the live stock and machinery, and here also are held every kind of dash races. Those who attended the recent county fair say it wasn't to be compared to this. To-morrow will be farmer's day, and on Friday the school children will hold forth. The attendance to-day was estimated at 5,000.

### WANTS \$50,000 DAMAGES.

Mrs. M. V. Taylor, the well-known dealer in oil well supplies, and whose place of business is in Pittsburgh, has sued the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis road for \$50,000 damages for injuries received while traveling on the road. She resides at Washington, and was accustomed to go in and out of the city each day. Last June while the trainmen were attempting to make a running switch here, she was thrown across several seats by the force of the cars coming together and received a severe sprain of the back.

### A MURDER AT POTTSVILLE.

At Pottsville, Pa., a ward constable and ex-deputy sheriff of Schuylkill county, shot William Kepke, killing him almost instantly. Kepke, his wife and brother-in-law were on their way home and met a party of intoxicated young men, who insulted them. Zeigler ran out with his revolver, threatening to shoot some one if they did not move on. Kepke, it is said, made some remarks, when Zeigler caught and shot him.

### FAMILY SHOT BY BURGLARS.

Burglars entered the residence of Joseph Diske at Wilkesbarre. Mr. and Mrs. Diske were aroused and one of the burglars fired two shots at the former. One struck him in the hand and the other just above the heart.

### INCENDIARIES DESTROYED THE LARGE BARN.

On the James Beverly farm, near Greensburg, together with horses, feed and farming implements. A dwelling house at Stauffer, on the Mt. Pleasant branch was also burned by firebrands. Loss \$5,000, slightly insured.

### NEW CASTLE PHYSICIANS ARE PUZZLED.

Over the death of Mary Atkin-on, aged 23, Monday evening, six o'clock. Thursday in seeming good health, and Friday was discovered to be in a trance. She died without having spoken a word, although she appeared to be conscious.

### FREDERICK BARKER, A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN OF GERMAN VALLEY, NEAR HUNTINGDON WHILE ATTEMPTING TO BOARD A PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TRAIN AT MOUNT UNION FELL UNDER THE WHEELS AND WAS INSTANTLY KILLED. HE WAS 65 YEARS OF AGE AND LEAVES A FAMILY.

### FOURTEEN MEN WERE BURIED BY THE CAVING IN OF A SEWER AT HARRISBURG. TWO WERE KILLED AND TWELVE WERE RESCUED ALIVE.

### A SHOOTING ACCIDENT AT GAYHANNA WILL RESULT IN THE DEATH OF TWO MEN. THREE ITALIANS NAMED C. GAYONIA, H. SESSI AND LAWRENCE MASINA WENT OUT HUNTING. IN ATTEMPTING TO CROSS A FENCE BOTH BARRELS OF MASINA'S SHOTGUN WERE EXPLODED AND THE SHOT STRUCK THE OTHER ITALIANS, MASINA'S COMPANIONS, WHO HAD JUST CROSSED OVER.

### BUT THREE LIGHT RAINS HAVE FALLEN IN CENTER COUNTY SINCE JULY 4, AND THE STREAMS AND RIVERS ARE RAPIDLY DRYING UP. TYPHOID FEVER IS EPIDEMIC IN MANY PLACES, OWING TO THE STAGNANT WATER PEOPLE WERE COMPELLED TO DRINK.

### THREE MEN EMPLOYED AT A MINE NEAR WILKESBARRE WERE WOUNDED AT DIFFERENT TIMES BY BEING SHOT AT IN A MYSTERIOUS MANNER WHILE PASSING ALONG A LONELY PLACE ON THEIR WAY TO WORK. FRANK HARDING WAS WOUNDED IN THE THIGH, JOHN EVERHART IN THE FOOT AND JOHN FREMONT IN THE BREAST.

### AT TRENT, JACOB REMMINGER WAS KILLED IN A RUNAWAY.

### H. T. KELLY, A 12-YEAR-OLD BOY LIVING NEAR UNIONTOWN, FELL FROM A TREE WHILE GATHERING NUTS, AND WAS INSTANTLY KILLED.

### THE PEOPLE OF HUNTINGDON ARE BEING TERRORIZED BY BURGLARS. SCARCELY A NIGHT HAS PASSED WITHOUT HAVING ONE OR MORE PLACES HAD BEEN ROBBERED.

### NEAR MECHELANBURG, WILLIAM REED WAS SMOTHERED AND MURDERED BY SAUL STONE SUNDAY NIGHT, AND THE LATTER IS STILL AT LARGE. BOTH MEN WERE COURTING THE SAME GIRL.

### J. T. KELLEY, A BRACKMAN ON THE SOUTHWEST PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, WAS FATALLY INJURED AT UNIONTOWN WHILE COUPING CARS.

### JOSEPH DONIHUE, A BALTIMORE AND OHIO BRACKMAN, FELL FROM A TRAIN AT TAYLORSTOWN, AND RECEIVED FATAL INJURIES.

### THE FALL OF SOME BROKEN MACHINERY IN AN ALTOONA REWER WHICH WAS BEING REPAIRED, INSTANTLY KILLED JOHN YOUNG.

### ADJUTANT GENERAL GREENLAND DENIES THAT THE CALLING OUT OF THE TROOPS FOR HOME SEED WILL COST THE STATE \$400,000. HE SAYS THE TOTAL WILL BE ABOUT \$400,000.

### PETER GALLER, OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO HAS BEEN AN INMATE IN THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION 30 TIMES, IN ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE FROM THERE BY MEANS OF AN IMPROVISED ROPE, FELL 45 FEET AND WAS KILLED.

### MICHAEL RICH AND ANTONIO CARLETO WERE INSTANTLY KILLED, AND ARCHANGEL RICH WAS FATALLY INJURED BY JUMPING FROM A RUNAWAY TRAIN ON THE SUGAR LAND RAILROAD, NEAR BRADFORD.

### EDWARD RANKIN OF UNIONTOWN WHO STOLE A FLOCK OF SHEEP RECENTLY, IS AGAIN IN JAIL FOR STEALING DAVID GLENN'S VALISE AT RANKIN.


### A MINER NAMED GEORGE LEVIE FELL FROM A FREIGHT TRAIN AT PHILADELPHIA AND DIED OF HIS INJURIES.

### WILLIAM MITCHELL, OF NEW CASTLE, HAS THE HONOR OF CATCHING A MURGEALONG IN THE RIVER OPPOSITE THAT PLACE. THE FISH WEIGHED 33 POUNDS, AND IS THE FIRST OF ITS SPECIES CAUGHT IN THE WATERS NEAR THAT PLACE.

### SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

#### CAPTURE OF THE CLIFTON.

##### An Account of the Battle of Sabine Pass by a Participant.



I would like to give my recollection of the battle of Sabine Pass, Tex., in which the U. S. S. Clifton was destroyed and her crew and one company of 75th N. Y. taken prisoners. I would also like to correct a mistake about the number of the Confederate force that were in and around Sabine Pass and Beaumont. The "Avalanche-Appel" said there was only 49 men on the Confederate side, and they were out of ammunition. That paper can tell this tale to the Marines. The men who manned the fort were called the Davies Guards, an artillery organization recruited in Houston, Tex., and were always understood by me to number 110 officers and men.

Capt. Davies was the commander, but somehow he never showed up when there was any fighting on hand. On those interesting occasions he delegated his power to Lieut. Richard Dowling, because Dick I suppose could handle an Irish company in a fight better than he could; and if Dick was killed, what matter. It was like the other Irishman that was going to be hung—he was used to it.

About the "ammunition giving out" just as the Clifton surrendered, and about there being no one in the fort but 49 men, let us go down and see how this was, and give you some facts.

We had a deserter from the rebel army on board, he was second-class fireman and his name was Joe Bowers. When he saw the white flag was going to be hoisted, he made a break for life and liberty. He jumped in to the Arizona, as she was the nearest ship in the offing. When the rebels saw him they called out to him to come back, and a company of infantry that lay concealed came out and fired at him, but the tide was going out and soon took him out of musket-range. Then the 8-inch Columbiads that the fort was armed with fired a least two rounds per gun at him. Whether Joe ever reached liberty or was shot I don't know.

The rebel steamer Roebuck came up at this time, and we were ordered aboard by the Captain of this infantry company that did the shooting at Joe Bowers, and this company guarded us to Beaumont; so there were 149 men who were at Sabine Pass on the Confederate side that we know of. When we prisoners arrived at Beaumont we were put on a train and sent to Houston, where we arrived that night. Next morning the daily paper came out—the "Telegram" or "Telegraph." I forget which name it was—that gave an account of the fight at Sabine Pass.

After giving a puff to the Davies Guards and Lieut. Dick Dowling, the article in the newspaper went on to say: "After the destruction of his gunboat Gen. Franklin put his tail between his legs and went in a dog's trot back to New Orleans, like the whipped cur that he was. But it is to be regretted that he did not land his blue-coated invaders on Texas soil, for they had a warm reception for them. The committee which was appointed to receive him was Gen. Sterling Price, Gen. Tom Green, Gen. Dick Taylor, a detachment from Gen. Kirby Smith at Shreveport, and two brigades from Gen. Griffin's army; all these were to be under the command of our Cœur de Lion—Gen. Magruder."

Now listen to this. According to their own account they could have had no less than 30,000, the whole Confederate army of the Trans-mississippi, to oppose Gen. Franklin if he had to land on Texas soil. I distinctly remember hearing the Confederate say: "We can support the sky with bayonets, ah!" And now all this grand army's cut down to 49 men. They might have made it fifty men just for even numbers. But I suppose the ex-Confederates would not tell a lie for one man.

As to the Clifton, she was a double-ender; that is, she had a rudder fore and aft, and she could back or go ahead without having to make a circuit. All told, her crew numbered 175 men; but at the battle of Sabine Pass we had a company of Sharpshooters from the 75th N. Y. She had 10 guns—eight 68-pounders, bronziads guns; one 50-pounder Parrott rifle, and one 9-inch Dahlgren smoothbore. The Dahlgren and Parrott were pivot-guns; the Dahlgren on the fore-castle or forward, the Parrott on the quarter-deck. By turning the pivot-guns on port or starboard batteries, we had six guns in a battery. The day of the fight we fought the port battery. There is the Clifton as she stood manned and armed, and her guns in position, the 8th day of September, 1863, when she got orders to go up and take the fort at the mouth of Sabine Pass. After getting signals from somebody, and we answered, "All hands up anchor" was called. Then, after the anchors were up and fast, "Nigger Louey" beat "General quarters," and right merrily did we respond, for the old Clifton and her crew were vets, and had had many scraps with the rebels before, in which we came out victorious.

The Clifton steamed to the fort at half speed. Our guns opened with shrapnel shell and five-second fuse. During this time you could hardly see the fort for the smoke of bursting shells, so rapid did we fire.

The rebels answered our fire at irregular intervals. They made good line shots, but all to high. We got close to the fort, and the sharpshooters opened. Then the signal bell is given, and the old Clifton goes ahead at full speed; we are now abreast of the fort, the guns roaring and muskets rattling—everything is going our way. Bump, bump; everybody falls forward—the old boat is aground right under the nose of the Philistines.

When the rebels saw this they gave one yell, and how they poured it into us was a caution. It was their inning, and they kept in until the game was over.

When the vessel grounded she slewed her head toward the fort, which only left us three guns for use. Soon the muzzle was shot off; but we fought on, and those that were not wanted to man the guns, fought with Enfield rifles. Soon our other broadside gun was knocked off the carriage; but we fought them with the 9-inch gun, and you could put your arm down in it; and of course it was useless to fight longer; besides our Enfields were so clogged with powder that we made poor headway firing them. We had to jam the ramrod against the side of the ship to force the bullet home.

About this time every one was looking for Franklin's troops, which he had promised to land below the fort; but nary a troop came, and something had to be done or we would be all killed. There was grape and shell from the fort, splinters from the ship's side, hot water and steam, all pressing the question, "What's to be done," and we surrendered. When the white flag went up a great many of the boys cried like babies at the idea of being trapped in a mud-hole in Texas.

Curses loud and deep went up against Franklin and his expedition. My opinion is, that if Franklin had made a show of landing troops, the rebels would have run, and would not have stopped until they struck the Rio Grande.

There are gunboats in the river, with everything serene; We will make them pay some other day for the battle at Sabine."

But we didn't make them pay anything; for, according to another prison poet, Col. Duganne, I think, "We hunted the small deer they call graybacks in rebel prison until the war was over."—JOHN CANNON, in National Tribune.

### WHERE COLUMBUS DIED.

#### The House Still Stands, Although Crumbling Into Decay.

On the Calle de Colon, a dingy, narrow old street in Valladolid, about 200 yards long, stands the house in which Columbus died, although fast crumbling into decay. The fact that it does stand is not due to any effort taken for its preservation, but rather to the solidity of its construction. It is of considerable size, and was, no doubt, originally constructed for some person of rank and position. The entrance is through a great Norman archway of stone, and the entrance hall is spacious, while the staircase is broad and its incline so gentle that one might almost drive up it. The basement of the building is of stone, though the upper stage is of brick, covered with stucco—or as much stucco as has survived the ravages of time. The outer walls are massive, and their interior is, no doubt, composed of a species of concrete, or mixture of mortar, pebbles and fragments of stone, which figure strongly in all old Spanish structures.

No nation in the world, perhaps, has less respect or appreciation for the antique and time-honored than have the Spaniards. The house where Columbus died is now used as a cow-stable. Above the stone archway is a time-stained medallion, bearing a man's head, standing out in bold relief on the stucco. Underneath is the engraven inscription "Aqui murió Colon—Año 1506." (Here died Columbus, year 1506.) Close to this hangs a small sign-board, with the following inscription: "New milk sold here; you may see it milked." An old woman living there gives tourists some information.

Upon entering the ancient structure are one steps into the spacious entrance hall, which is pitched with small pebbles. On either side is a large doorway, but the doors have been removed, and through the openings one can see the cows standing in rows. Twenty cows are stabled in the lower part of the house. The cowman and his family live upstairs. One is quickly led into a large room overlooking the street—the room where Columbus died. The windows are furnished with massive iron gratings, as, indeed, are all the windows in the house. A thin partition, running half way across the room, forms a small recess or alcoba, in which is an old wooden bedstead, with a wretched straw pallet and a scanty covering of old clothes. On such a bed, probably, died the great discoverer in poverty and desolation. In the middle of the partition is a little square window, through which anyone sleeping in the alcoba might see if any one entered the room. The walls, bare and discolored with age, look as if they had not been whitewashed for at least a century. The floor is of square earthen tiles, the same on which Columbus trod four centuries ago. In this room he was for a long time a prisoner. It is that alcoba, where the cowman and his wife sleep every night, the great discoverer died. Near the head of the bed the form of a cross has been scratched with some sharp instrument deep in the plaster of the wall. Tradition says that Columbus made the cross.

One of the easiest things to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.